



## Perhaps My Friends Will Know.



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### Chapter 1 by Elizabeth Thornton

It wasn't that I didn't like them, I did. They just got on my nerves. They wouldn't stop singing, and dancing, and smiling. A funeral, after all, isn't a proper place to sing and dance unless specifically asked to. Well, anyways, my name is Perilous Brown, and I have imaginary friends. People like to say I'm crazy, but I know as a matter of fact that I'm not. See, if I were truly insane then I wouldn't know that my friends are imaginary. I would think everyone else was mad because they can't see them. I don't think that, therefore I am not crazy. There are four of them, in total. Three boys and one poor girl who has to put up with them, or us, however you want to look at it. Their names were Billy, Sumat, John-boy, and Jane. Have I told you my name yet? I did. Okay, wonderful. Well, my name is Perilous Brown. And no matter what they say, just know that I am NOT crazy. Eccentric, perhaps? That depends; how does one define eccentric? Well, whatever the definition, just know that's what I am, only I am not crazy.

### Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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